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NO. 25.



Poor young Muriel Llewellyn, unhap-

brides as unhappy wives a grief-mad

kiss and is gone away quite away most

themselves into the sitting room down-

away from these people, out into the open

air, away among utter strangers, and

She gets into brilliantly lit thorough-

"I can sit in here, and rest, and see the

"One?" repeats the gentleman, in the

eyes stare boldly at the pretty white face,

But he hands her the white ticket with-

divers other gentlemen in faultless shirt

It is so early yet, the first piece has not

Eric think? What would be feel be who

Those bold looks of the men, and the

worse than cold looks of the women, at

the lovely young face and the yearning sad eyes, and the timid flush that burns

in a carmine spot on her cheeks, have

ance and innocence, and a terror of her

self, and a terror of the theater, and s

sense of dismay at her escapade surges

through her thoughts in a sort of delirium.

And when the drop scene descends on the comedictts, Muriel rises and rushes

out of the stalls, gets her bonnet again,

omes face to face unveiled in her haste

o be gone with a group of gentlemen in

evening dress, one of whom she recognizes

s instantly as he does her a friend of

CHAPTER XXV.

For a moment Captain Leverson hesitates in sheer amazement, as he sees Mu

riel's startled glance of recognition, and

her quick gesture of avoidance, as she shrinks aside and darts down the stairs;

and then curiosity, or it may be some

worthier feeling, prompts him to hurry

"There is something wrong, awfully

vrong," he thinks in dismay, as he hurries

down the street after the slender black

robed figure.

She has taken a wrong turning in her

presently in a square—a great, dingy, si-lent square, only lighted by a few sparse,

glimmering lamps; and after she has trav

rsed three sides of the square with fleet-

ng steps and a fast-throbbing heart, she

takes the first turning she comes to in

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

palms tightly together, her lips parching,

her temples throbbing so fiercely with burning pain that she is half dazed.

What shall I do. Eric would never for

shake them off. And as she arrives at her

and Captain Harry Leverson comes up,

quickly; adding, "Thank you very much for your kindness."
"I am only too happy to have been of

cab as it whirls away.

Euston Station," she answers

Eric, Captain Harry Leverson.

and is harrying down the stairs, when she

enlightened even Muriel's girlish

fares, and she grows bewildered, and peo-

evermore;" and they-those women

CHAPTER XXIII. The very last few minutes of the hom of parting have come, and Eric Llewel lyn's friends-his dearest ones are all brides the stars look down on that nightabout him. His mother, his cousin Hes and there are almost as many unhappy

The miserable girl whom he has mar dened, passionate, forlorn creature, restried has no place among those," Muriel iss in the fever of the pain of desolutions, as she keeps away in proud self-tion that is over her—is wandering about torture, and locks herself into her bed-the dreadful London streets, by gaslight room, hoping in the bitterness of childish and alone. nisery that Eric will put the climax on his cold, cruel conduct by going away house when Eric has given her his last without even saying good-by to ber. She hears a step approaching the door, surely—gone away thousands of miles—

and some one knocks rather sharply. Mu- gone for months and years perhaps "for riel runs to the door, and with shaking undoes the lock, and sees Eric are his friends but not here—have shut standing on the threshold, as he always does, in his haughtily punctilious observ- stairs, and she is quite alone-alone with ance of the terms on which they live.

"I—I—thought you had gone!" she
gasps, trying terribly hard to keep from
letting the tears, and the tenderness, and

"I—section of the tenderness and the tenderness

the misery of her heart, come all together heart and brain-to get out of this house, "What have I done to make you imagine I was lacking in the commonest cour- walk, or run, or travel away somewheretesy to you?" he demands, in a suppress ed tone, for in a modern built London from her life if it were possible! house one never knows where they may

"I thought I saw the cab drive away ple jostle against her if she pauses a mowith the luggage," falters Muriel; but at ment, and twice men address her and the harshness and coldness of his tones, even follow her, catching a glimpse of love and hope die out of her heart, and the starry eyes and statuesque face strives to meet him on his own through the gossamer veil, and she grows

gotten to change. As she pauses, bewilhe says, at last, swallowing something in his throat with a fierce effort, "I must say dered, her eyes fall on a playbill, and just good-by to you, and I assure you I in at hand the open, lighted vestibule of a tended doing so without fail." And there theater. is a scornful gleam in his burning eyes.

For a few moments a fierce conflict tired, and I won't go back to that house! stages in her heart, and womanly dignity, she says, feverishly, as she walks up to wounded love, pride and wrath restrain the office window, and lays down half a ther as if with visible shackles. But the sovereign and sixpence for "one stall." mext moment the shackles are flung off, and with a wild, despairing cry, Muriel faultless shirt front and well-trained mus-He has descended the stairs half way siready, and as he turns on the landing, the glittering eyes, the little daintily glovshocked and scandalized indeed at the ed hand, and the deep mourning attire. idea of a "scene," he finds himself in Muriel's arms. But ere he can hold her out a word, and gazes out after her as afraid she is not happy with us or has got enough for a mess yet. It takes up, she has slipped down on the ground, she goes along the vestibule—is politely clinging around his knees with a piteous, accosted and suspiciously looked at by

go away from me, wie! Don't go away from me! My heart is breaking."

"For heaven's sake!" he says, the sweat starting on his brow for very shame and tarting on his brow for very shame and breathlessly, and "can't make it out," as she tells the other young ladies after as she tells the other young ladies after the image. "I am ' s friend I should be most highly honner! They will hear you downstairs. Mu-riel, you foolish child, to give way in net, but declines the powder puff which ored if I might do anything to entitle me this manner at the last. Do hush, Muriel!" the young lady politely offers. And then to a little of your friendly regard." he repeats almost angrily, for the wild, another syren, with bright daffodil hair convulsive cry has brought some one and India musiin cap, sells Muriel a pro-rushing into the half downstairs, and an gram, and shows her to her seat in the ejaculation in Miss Hettie's sharpest stuils.

tones of indignant amazement:
"For mercy's sake, what is the matter?" "For mercy's sake, what is the matter:

2."I beg your pardon," Muriei faiters the drop scene, and her aching head cools brokenly, and she drags herself up off the a little in the quietness, and the rest, and the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light, the reaction consequent upon the strain she has suffered during the dim light. Eric's arm is around her slip waist, and Eric draws her head down on his breast, while the strong impulse size the strong inpulse size the strong inpu Eric draws her head down on his breast, while the strong impulse rises throbbing gins to comprehend what she has done to his lips to bid her come with him now and where she is. this minute, and not let the inconvenience, or the absurdity, or the ridicule, which this sudden resolve will surely bring on men put up their glasses, and women them, hinder them or keep them apart. them, hinder them or keep them apart. "Muriel, deart" he whispers, hoarsely,

straining her to his heart. "Are you is so punctifious to see his wife sitting grieving to part with me? My dear, you alone in the stalls of a fashionable then might have come, too, if you had decided ter, like a friendless, lost creature, who in proper time. You refused, you know, but came here to exhibit herself? My own darling girl!" he whispers pas esionately, kissing the red, quivering lips which she proffers him, like a penitent child longing to "make it up." "My own dear little wife!" when Miss Hettle's shriff, sarcastic tones ring up the stair

surely be late if you don't harry

me, Muriel! No, dear, don't hold me don't, Muriei! Be a good girl, and be brave now, and don't apset me so horribl at the last!" he says, irritably, in his dis tress at the sight of those violet ever strenming tears and those quivering lip trying in vain to say "good by," and the little white hands clutching his coat collar with a grasp of despair.

"Won't you take me with you? Oh

won't you take me?" she says piteously half beside herself at the thought that the next five minutes will see her left alone in the world; that hundreds and thousands of miles of land and sea will sever her from her only friend and rela tive on earth.

And never, it may be, to look on hi

face again. He will be dead to her, as Miles is dead to her. Miles loved face nes under the coffin-lid down deep in the darksome grave in the far-off country churchyard, hidden for evermore from her sight until the Resurrection. Eric's loved face ah! most dearly loved of a beside her love, her bridegroom, th darling of her soul, she may never look on him again until that day "when the sea shall give up her dead!"
"My dear girl! How can you be so ur

his vexed trouble. "It is madness of voto ask such a thing, and utterly imposs ble as well. You know you refused posi tively to come with me it is your own doings. Muriel! Let me go, dear, let me go! I shall lose the train!"

"I shall never see you again," she mu ters in an agony, looking up still with be seeching eyes and little coaxing hand clinging to him and caressing l entreating touch, "Oh, Eric! I shall never

ten von any more!" He cannot get another word out; a sol is choking him as it is, as he lifts her u in his strong arms as easily as if she were child, and presses his face to hers for haif a score of heartbeats, and when he puts her down the face of each is wet with the other's tears. They are still waiting in the hall for him, though he had bidder them good by before, and his mother is weeping; and, as he rushed hastily ough the group, he stays to kiss her

"Be good to my poor wife, mother," he says hoursely, and never even looks a Edith or Hester as he dashes out to the hansom, leaps in, and the horse starts at a rattling pace, and the cab is out of eight in balf a dozen seconds.

wards the theater. He sits there revolving puzzled ideas in his brain for about ten minutes, and then, when the drop

"I can't sit here quietly any longer," is his mental decision, and muttering ex-cuses more or less vague to his friends, who arch their eyebrows and look know. ond one Signor Lett proposed to write ing and satirical in reply, he hurries out of a history of the court. "You will give the theater, hails a cab and drives to New offense," urged his friends. "Were I

es Miss Cameron coming downstairs.
"A thousand pardons, Miss Cameron,"

hat, "but the fact was I was uneasy. piest of all the unhappy newly wedded was anxious. Do you know if Mrs. Eric

> And as he looks eagerly at her he sees the slightly haughty calmness of Edith's Rhodes the story of the offer of a room-beautiful eyes grow troubled, and her ful of gold which had been made to him color deepen, as she bites her lip uneasily. by the Chinese government after he "I really cannot tell you, Captain Lev-erson," she answers. "I do not think that any parcel came here for Mrs. Eric Llewellen. I will inquire, if you wish "If-if-you will ask Mrs. Eric Llewellyn herself, Miss Cameron," Harry Leverson suggests, with great simplicity. They were valuable ornaments, and were

"I will ask Mrs. Llewellyn, certainly," Edith says, quietly, though she quails at the discovery that is imminent. not at home at present, having gone out on a matter of business, I believe, a short

left in my charge, and-and-I am very

"Then it was Mrs. Eric Llewellyn I met anywhere from this place-from herselfabout half an hour ago," Captain Leverson exclaims, cheerfully, but Edith detects a suppressed excitement and hidden meaning in his voice. "I thought I could not be mistaken! And I had the pleasure of calling a cab for her, and-and-"Where-where?" Edith interrupts, ir lowered tones, and a swift, frightened, faint and tired, as her feet ache in the backward glance at the door which stands

thin, high-heeled house shoes she has for-"I met her in the Coronet Theater," answers, lowering his voice also, and letting the anxiety in his honest blue-gray eyes shine out in response to hers. "In a theater, by herself?" Edith asks, quietly; but he sees her white hands clasp play. It will be delightful, and I am so each other and her brilliant eyes cloud

> with dismay. "She was alone certainly when I met her, and seemed very nervous and bewil rying out, and she appeared to miss her way, and I offered to get her a cab, and

> drove to Euston Station." "To Euston! Where was she going?" Edith demands, almost gasping. "Captain Leverson, what shall I do? I sm some cause for unhappiness, and—and— I don't think she is coming back again!

"I will indeed trust you, and thank you for all our sakes most truly," she says carnestly. "Advise me what is best to de -to follow her at once, of course, either you or I. We cannot allow Eric's wife to be left friendless in whatever impulsive course she is adopting. Advise me at once, Captain Leverson. I will be guided begun, and as Muriel sits and looks at

by you."
"I advise, then, that you and I both follow her to Euston Station without loss of time," he says boldly. "We can work more efficiently together." "Very well," she says quickly. "I shall be dressed in less than five minutes if you What is she doing here alone? She can quietly to work. notice now how people stare at her, and

(To be continued.)

A Child and the Letters. An ingenious person named Krohn, whose patience is evidently more highly developed than his sense of humor, has been making some experimente that are supposed to be very important to scientific teachers. He has found that it takes a young child 864-1000 of a second to recognize the letter c. 358-1000 of a second to recognize the letter a, and 389-1000 of a second to recognize the letter t; while the word cart as a whole is recognized in 339-1000 of a second. Therefore, he says, primary teaching should be done by words and not by letters, and the letters should be 1-12 of an inch high and printed in a line not more than four inches long. We don't know exactly how he has discovered all these things, but that does not matter; for he is evidently a very profound person. We have done some figuring ourselves on the basis of his researches, and we found that following out his method and adopting his kind of reading book a child of five years, in an average daily lesson, would each day save 9789-10000 of a minute out of his valuable time. Think of that!-Bookman. In Mexico the native whisky is worth

\$17 per barrel of forty-eight gallons. A French savant says that many per-fumes aid health by destroying disease microbes. Thyme, lemon, mint, laven-der, eucalyptus and other scents prove alarm and haste, for she finds herself

Shipbuilders assert that an iron ship has a carrying capacity of 116 tons for every 190 tons carried by a wooden vessel of the same dimensions, while the weight of the iron ship is 27 per cent. less. Watercolor drawings will, it is said, sheer desperation, and finds herself in a last four hundred years if they are promews close by a public house, where there

So dense is the water in the deepest she mutters aloud, pressing her little A French statistician has calculated that the eye travels about 6000 feet in

reading an ordinary-sized novel. No wonder the eye gets tired. give me if he knew! And his mother and give me if he knew! And his mother and cousins—I dare not face them—I have been out for hours! Where shall I go? What shall I do?"

Silk that has been weighted with metallic salts can be detected by the use of X-rays. The pure silk throws no shadow; the adulterated silk does.

And poor Muriel, wildly, madly, resolves Godalming, Surrey, has a remarkable black and white cat, which, after being to run away! She is little more than a child in her passionate impatience and despair-at the sorrows which have gathered in a heavy cloud over her young life, In the deserts of Arizona there is a spe-cies of woodpecker which pecks the teleand sees no better way than to strive to wild determination a cab comes up to her

graph poles to pieces. The bird hears the humming sound and imagines that insects are beneath the surface. Sailors who are in the habit of "splicing the main brace" will do well to re-member that the new Secretary of the Navy is not only a teetotaler but a Pro-hibitionist.

Europe has increased its population "I am only too happy to have been of any service to you," he answers, politely, and then stands dazedly staring after the cab as to the stands dazedly staring after the



avendish street.

He rings the bell and asks to see Miss could not avoid that." "Then be as Cameron, and as he asks the question wise," rejoined the king, who was pres-., ent, "and write proverbs, not history."

ers, fidgeting with his crush- Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once made an address in his native town to There were some parcels—that is, I should a medical association. The president say—one parcel, of some things, jewels of the association was the son of a man or something of that kind, which I believe who had been the druggist of the vil-Eric intended to be received here this lage when Dr. Holmes had studied evening—a gift for—for—his wife, and I medicine there. "It is good to look at this young man," said the genial auto-Liewellyn received her parcel, Miss Cam-eron? They were to be brought by a in his face." in his face."

On one occasion Gordon told Cecil had subdued the Tai-Ping rebellion, "What did you do?" said Rhodes. "Refused it, of course," said Gordon; "what would you have done?" "I would have taken it," said Rhodes, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out."

Two green reporters, Englishmen, were sent by the city editor of a newspaper to a suburban town to write up the burning of an orphan asylum. Late that night, when the news editor was wondering why no "copy" about the fire was coming by wire, a telegraph messenger rushed in and handed him a dispatch. He opened it and read: "Dear Sir: We are here. What shall we do?" It was signed with the names of the two men sent to "write up" the fire. The news editor made a few remarks; then he wrote on a telegraph blank this brief message: "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in,"

Several days ago Congressman Watson sent several large sacks of flower and garden-seeds home for distribution among his constituents. The papers announced this fact, and for three days there was a constant stream of persons coming to the Congressman's law office in Columbus. On the last day, a man came up and asked for beans. He was given two packages. He demurred to this and reached over into the sack and began to fill his pockets. When called down by the attendant, the lover of beans said: "I haven't more than a quart of beans to make a

mess for my family." What had I best do for her sake and | Canon Ainger, master of the Temple, "Don't leave me oh, don't leave me of fronts and well-trained mustaches, and is Eric's sake? You are his friend, I know is a great favorite with children, and bis faithful friend, or I would not conhe thought was his destination, a house in a row of others exactly alike, the canon made his way up to the drawingroom. "Don't announce me," said he to the domestic, and thereupon the reverend gentleman went down upon allfours, ruffled up his white hair, and crawled into the room, uttering the growls of an angry Polar bear. What was his horror and amazement to find when he got into the room two old ladies petrified with astonishment. He had found his way into the next-door house, instead of into the one to which be was bidden.

> The proudest moment of Nelson's life is said to have been when he received the swords of the officers of the San Josef. Nelson's ship, which was the that time, was dismasted, and upwards of eighty of the crew killed and wounded. Nelson himself being wounded. The Culloden, commanded by Nelson's friend, Captain Trowbridge, who followed Nelson's lead in the breach of orders which resulted in this famous capture, lost even more heavily. For his breach of discipline, Jervis did not mention Nelson's name in dispatches; but when one of his captains pointed out the disobedience to orders, he promptly said: "When you commit a like offense I'll forgive you."

> Some time ago, at a fashionable salon, the Baron d'Almerie was one of a group to whom he was imparting an account of his pedigree, which, he claimed, was derived from the Pharaohs of Egypt. Just then Baron de Rothschild approached the group, and one of its members called out: "Baron, come and let me make you acquainted with the Baron d'Almerie. He comes of Pharaonic stock, and you ought to know each other." "Yes," said Baron de Rothschild, bowing gravely. "I think," said the Baron d'Almerie, "you should know our family, as your ancestors took from us certain pledges when they decamped from Egypt." "True," replied Baron de Rothschild, "but those pledges were redeemed by a check on

he Bank of the Red Sea!" In order to boom business, an enter prising grocer on a certain day advertised several thousand five-cent loaves of bread for sale at one cent each. His rival was in despair until a brilliant idea came into his head. He hired a small army of boys and girls to buy up all the loaves at a cent each. At 2 o'clock grocer No. 1 had sold all his bread, and those who came later denounced him as a fraud who had fooled them with a lying advertisement Meanwhile the foxy grocer around the corner, with more than a thousand onecent loaves stacked up on his kitchen floor, put out a big sign: "Fresh Bread -A Five-Cent Loaf for Two Cents. We Never Advertise What We Have Not Got." He thus not only discomfitted his rival and turned the tide in his own favor, but made a profit on the bread as

The Sand-Blast. General Benjamin C. Tilghman, or Philadelphia, Invented the sand-blast process. It is used for cutting, boring pulverizing, and engraving stone, glass wood, and other hard or solid sub

stances. The well-known abrading power of sand, when driven by air or water against hard substances, suggested the saud-blast to General Tilghman and led him to make his first experiment. He fitted up a very simple air-blast, producing but a few ounces of pressure, and by means of a concentric jet of

sand against the object to be cut; he common window-glass in a few se onds. Further experimenting, he dis-

light work the pressure is light and the velocity low.

Letters may be cut in marble by means of the sand-blast in the following manner: The stone, or marble, is

women at work. The visitor remarked, "This is a add the bea higher class of women than that em- "ill thick, stirring constantly." ployed at the same work in some other kinds of business. These women have been educated, and have refined faces and voices. I should judge they are

not used to manual labor of any kind." "They are not," was the reply. "In "They are not," was the reply. "In almost every case they are the widows or daughters of men whose income died with them but who while living. or daughters of men whose income died with them, but who, while living, gave to their families luxuries beyond their means.

"That young girl by the window was in fashionable society in New York two years ago. Her father, with a salary of five thousand dollars, lived far beyond his means. The woman in mourning is the widow of a physician whose income averaged six thousand and may do good dollars. He probably spent eight.

moved into a fine house, had his carriage, servants, and gave balls. He are in blossom. died, and his daughter earns twelve dollars a week, on which she supports her mother. There is hardly a woman here who is not the victim of the vulgar ambition which makes a family ape its wealthier neighbors in its out-

as Americans," said the visitor. "It is more common among us, be cause in other countries social position depends upon birth, while here it is usually fixed by money. How many families in every class do you know who are pretending to a larger pecuniary wealth than they have?"

The visitor passes on the question to Found by a Tenderfoot.

There is an axiom among mining prospectors that while a knowledge of man starting out to hunt for the preclous ores, yet the richest finds are often made by the rankest tenderfoot, It is well illustrated in a recent rich find near Salt Lake City, Utah. Willard Weihe, a violin soloist in the tabernacle, was walking in City Creek Canyon, on the outskirts of the city, when he kicked aside some rock that struck him as being unusual in appearance. Out of pure curiosity be car ried a piece of the rock back to town and had it assayed. It showed \$500 in gold and \$40 in silver to the ton. Welhe was so much surprised he almost fainted. Then, when he recovered he hurried back to where he found the rock, without mentioning the matter to anyone, and staked out a large number of claims for himself and friends. Now a considerable camp has sprung up, and the workings bear out the promise in Weihe's chance strike.

Not Color Blind. There are some crabs that actually

dress themselves. Some species array themselves elaborately by gathering bits of seaweeds, chewing the ends, and sticking them on their shells, so that they look like stones covered with weed. They spend hours in making hese pieces adhere, trying the same bit over and over again until they suceed. They have a fine sense of symnetry, too, and always put a red piece on one side to match the red piece on he other, and a green piece to match green piece, though how they know ed from green in the dark pools where

The French have never been frog-

lar. Myriads of frogs are, so to speak, wasted in the country because of want of zeal in catching them. In some of the most "froggy" parts of France at night the croaking of the reptiles overpowers every other sound; but the creatures might live to a good old age and their hind-legs grow as tough as string for all the inconvenience they are not in the speak of the speak are not be an incomplete the contractor in New York city will not be a pleasure of the Newburgh woodlark, and the canary, and the piover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cueleoo sings in the key of D and that the commonant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast offen leave them the autumnal blast offen leave them the are nearly and the canary, and the piover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the consormant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast offen leave them the area already accomplished it is expected that he autumnal blast offen leave them the area of the will lower his own record of 1.05 2.5 for the distance.

Henceforth the way of the dilatory road contractor in New York city will not be a pleasure of the Newburgh whether the creation of the canary, and the photon much of them inspects woodlark, and the canary, and the piover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cueleo sings in the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of D and that the common of the key of the workman or the peasant. The legs are occasionally hawked about Paris on skewers; but they are by no means cheep, and they appeal to the person whose cultivated and jaded appetite needs tempting rather than to the human or the peasant. The legs are occasionally hawked about Paris on skewers; but they are by no means cheep, and they appeal to the person whose cultivated and jaded appetite needs tempting rather than to the human or the peasant. The legs are occasionally hawked about Paris of New York materialize every active wheelman in the city will be constituted to reproduce the sounds, and then the person of the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York materialize every active wheelman in the city will be constituted to reproduce the sounds, and then the person of the Associated Cycling Clubs of New York materialize every active wheelman in the city will be constituted to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will specific to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will be constituted to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will seem of the human will unanted to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will be reported to the Department of Street Improvements, and if that be of no avail as the weak of the constituted to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will be constituted to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will unanted to state a violing, of creatures we should be it we constituted to reproduce the sounds, and the about that the about a said that back backs and arrich the blood. They should be baked about 20 minutes. The man who falls on a banana skin once will have sympathy, but he will once will have sympathy, but he will once will have sympathy, but he will once will have sympathy, but he are slow or negligent in their work will unanted to reproduce the sounds, and there are slow or negligent in their work will unanted to r

Household. RECIPES.

onds. Further experimenting, he discovered that he had only to improve the apparatus to get increased efficiency.

The sand-blast performs both heavy and light work. For heavy work a high pressure and great velocity are necessary; the heavy sand-blast is used chiefly for ornamenting and dressing stone after it has been quarried. For light work the pressure is light and the

which have been shaved, and set in a dish to melt.

Velvet Cream.—One pint of milk, one-fourth of a box of gelatine, three-ourths of a cupful of sugar and two eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the milk, boil the milk, add the sugar, beaten with the yolks of eggs, then the gelatine Cook like a custard, in a double boiler. S rain through a napkin; when almost cold add the well beaten whites, flavor with vanilla or sherry, pour into a wet mould and set

pepper, salt and nutmeg, or mace, and one tablespoonful of sherry. When boiling, add the beaten yolks of two eggs and cook sill thick, stirring constantly.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A serviceable and practical cover for a dining room table when not in use is made by purchasing an unbleached table cloth of the required length, selecting a easily laundered, makes an attractive

Two or three oystershells thrown upor the fire with coal will belo to absorb

It is said that polishing silverware by rubbing it with outmeal is a good plan. It is worth trying, for it cannot harm it

dollars. He probably spent eight.

"That pale girl is the daughter of a master builder, who lived comfortably among his old friends until he was mended, together with many other li-

When desirous of mending a piece When desirous of mending a piece of broken glass or china, a cement may be made by dissolving half an ounce of gum acacia in one gill of boiling water and stirring in plaster of Paris until the mixture is the consistency of a paste. Apply the cement to the broken edges with a brush, and then fasten the two parts together until perfectly dra. parts together until perfectly dry.

To earn money for her Easter offering one girl filled the shells of English walnuts with wax and sold them for work baskets. A three-inch length of baby ridbon fastened the two halves together at one end, and each was filled with melted wax. The shells were pressed closely together where the ribbons were pasted, and a space was left at the other and through which the thread could be drawn when the wax was needed. The ribbon loop served for fastening the the shell to the side of a dasket. One of ribbon loop served for fastening the the shell to the side of a dasket. One of these contrivances makes a pretty addi-tion to one's useful articles.

Among the novelties in spoons for Eas-Among the novelties in spoons for Easter wedding gifts is the nut spoon with its shovel-shaped perforated bowl, and the long curved handle of leaves and nuts, finished at the top with a brown enamelled squirrel with ruby eyes. A spoon for serving peas has a shallow bowl, rounded at the end, so shaped as to represent the leaf of the pea vine, with the veins daintily traced. The handle is a twisted vine finished at the and with a pea pod partly opened, the peas and pod being in green enamel.

When using cabbage for cold slaw, cut t into ribbons an hour or more before is to be used, and let it stand in ice water until the last moment, then drain it upon a soft cloth to remove the water and pour a French dressing over it. If once tried thus it will always be treat

Many a housewife is disheartened when Many a housewife is disheartened when she finds that the house into which she has just moved was inhabited before she arrived, and that already her nicely cleaned beds are being occupied. A sure death for such invaders is benzine. It will at once destroy all insect life and does not injure carpets or furniture. Fill a long-necked can with this fluid and apply it thoroughly in all cracks and crevices where the bugs or their eggs may be. Leave the doors their eggs may be. Leave the doors and windows open and the odor will quickly evaporate. Benzine should be used only in daylight, as it is very inflammable, and must not be carried near an open fire or a light .- N. Y. Sun.

The Bicycle.

As the Illinois L. A. W. officials were As the Hinois L. A. W. officials were ansuccessful in securing the passage of the Bicycle Baggage bill in that state. Chief Consul Patter has decided to endeavor to effect the desired result by legal action. A committee has been appointed to prosecute a suit against one of the leading Western roads for refusing to check a bicycle as baggage.

The earth is diametered and circumference with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corrected with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corrected with discord.

Discourse. God's Perfect Harmony and the Discore That Was Made by Sin-The Time is Coming When the World Will Again

inent Divine's Sunday

ing of the cornerstone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scroils of history and im-portant documents, to be suggestive if, 100

of what he saw and heard there. He was conducted by the superintendent, an old man of large experience. The and four tablespoonfuls of cream. When last room inspected was filled with the sweetbread, seasoned with the same inspected was filled with the sweetbread, seasoned with the same inspected was filled with the sweetbread, seasoned with the same inspected was filled with the sweetbread, seasoned with the same inspected was filled with the sweetbread of them minims, the larger of them sustained them. space between the worlds a musical in-terval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphon. terrifle, grated upon the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians and philanthropists and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harget all things back into the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and things overpowered with sleep, and things overpowered with sleep. The say they can tell the places in the music where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars spoke of in my text has been asked, and the say they can tell the places in the music where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars spoke of in my text has been asked, and the overture of the morning stars spoke of in my text has been asked of the morning stars and philanthropists and reforms the say that the places in the music where he awakened. So the overture of the overture of the overture of the say that the places in the music where he awakened. So the overture of get all things back into the perfect har-mony which was heard at the laying of the cornerstone when the morning sters sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that

trai readering.

The world's health out of tune; weak imags and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrei, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle; neuralgias, and pneumonias, and con-

there a conjugal outbreak of incompata-bility of temper through the divorce courts or a flial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within. Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat; spirit of caste keeping those down in the social

mobies nations in discord without realiz-ing it. So wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fleres and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and our skies are tun of the cour national sym-morning larks, we have our national sym-bol, the flerce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithologibird as can be found in all the ornithologi-cal catalogues. In Great Britian, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their sym-bol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north to her blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear, and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, the fabled winged serpent, fero-cious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the cighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation—discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry

in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocery men think of the sugars of the grocery man on the same street, and in what a culogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit-an iron roller with spikes on it and turned by a crank before a hot fire—and then, if the minister being rousted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say, "Hush, my brother; we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good

they live is hard to say, unless it is by taste or smell. When once their dress is completed it improves with age, as the weed actually grows upon them,

Frog.Eating in France.

The French have never been frogmanufacturer.

Ex-Champion Zimmerman has been asked to act as one of the judges at the Quaker City Wheelmen's meet on June Squaker City Wheelmen's meet on June woodlark, and the canary, and the piover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes so little on correctors.

e devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are moniac phantasy, are grand march of lom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and deific! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution. spiration would stand out as a result of the

sing manner: The stone, or marble, is first covered with a thin sheet of wax, and the letters are cut in the way, the letters are cut in the way, the marble is passed under the blast, and the sand cuts the letters deep into the stone without injuring the wax in the least in like manner any ornamental design may be cut into the stone.

Glass, too, may be ornamented by means of the sand-blast. If a plee of glass be covered with fine lace and passed under the blast, not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the pattern will be beautifully cut into the glass.

The sand does not affect soft, yielding abstances, but quickly cuts away fron, steel, stone, glass, or any other principles of soft cloth.

Throw Upon the World."

A visitor to one of the Government of the work of the sand halt of the country of what he saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there. He was conducted by the saw and heard there is the same of which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones and death agonies and destroyed cities and plowed graves and crushed

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the lay-ing of the world's cornerstone is to resound again. Mozart's greatest overture was sin is discord and righteousness harmony; that in general things are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

gle; neutragas, and epiteptics in flocks sweep the neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat, and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady nerves, you find 100 who have to be very exertial because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune; the physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune; the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the world over, labor and expital, the operatives of some of years in their beautiful homes need by the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and expital, the operatives of years in their beautiful homes need by the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and expital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke and now with heavy stroke, beating a great on their beautiful homes need by the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and expital, the operatives of years in their beautiful homes need by the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and expital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with heavy stroke, beating a great of the properties. ndgment wrongly swayed, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper in-flammable, the well balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and to come to—anvil chorus, yardstick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done; so all social life will be attuned by the gospel

harp.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song. But I should not wonder it, as sometimes on earth, a tune is fashioned out of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old planoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy, and lying, and subterfuge and double dealing, and sycophancy, and charitatanism, and revenge have for 6000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies—nations in discord without realizations of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations; so some of the songs of the redeemed may have been playing through them the songs of earth. And how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their harps and trumpeters with their harps and "Sountain" and "Sountain" and "Ariel" and "Old Hundred!" How they would bring to mind the practice of the songs of the redeemed may have been playing through the met he songs of carth. And how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their harps and "Coronation" and "Lenox" and "St. Martin's" and "Fountain" and "Ariel" and "Old Hundred!" How they would bring to mind the praying circles and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we min-gled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns which melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord and righteous-

ness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the musical instruments of all nations combine, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the cannon that ever hurled death across the nations sound forth eternal vic-tory. And over all acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than an human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but now full of triumph, the voice of Christ saying, "I am alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top ing stars sang together."

any over the man who never finds out where the mud is, until he gets into it up to his neck. Men are just like trout-after you have

hooked them, give the smartest and big-gest of them string enough and you are sure of them. A man, so to speak, who cannot bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in acondition to respectively salute Act without thought and you are a fool

think without act, and you are a vis-

Courtesy and etiquette are flowers; the one, has its roots in the heart; the other in the intellect.

Advice is seldom welcome; those who need it most like it least.